

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and inuious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eigheteen yeeres
Complotred, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the tooonglesse cauernes of the earth)
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a liar.
King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-rooping firmenesse of my vpriht soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou yest;
Thre parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my greued soule:
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it,
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine;
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Trial day.
King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physician,

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it began.
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolk; you, your son.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
King. And Norfolk, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.
Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke dishonours vs, thou shalt not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spoilelesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.
King. Cooles, throw downe your gage;
Do you begin.
Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin,
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tooong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or found so base a parle: my teeth shall tear
The flauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbray's* face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentre, vpon *S. Lamberts* day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your fetlerd hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Ditchesse of Gloucester.
Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more foliote me then your exclamings:
To stirre against the Butchers of his life,

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurte?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,
One Viol full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That melle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble brests:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?
Gaunt. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to Couentre, there to behold
Our Cosine Herford, and sell *Mowbray* fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* brest:
Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,
Be *Mowbray's* sinnes so heauy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Courfers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell: I must to Couentre,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Nor with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when't seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund* York.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old *York* there see
But empty lodgings, and vn furnisht walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntruden stones?

And what heare there for welcome; but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.
Mar. My L. Aumerle, is *Harry* Herford arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach. *Flourish.*
Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, &
others: Then Mowbray in Ar-
mor, and Harrold.
Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who's art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Tucker. *Enter Hereford, and Harrold.*
Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st y hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.
Bul. *Harry* of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a Traitor soule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Lifes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designses.
Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then